

THE GREAT RACE PROBLEM.

Ex-Senator Ingalls Says Enfranchisement was
A Blunder; Bishop Turner Says God's
Will is the Negro's Return to Africa.

New York, April 30.—Former Senator John J. Ingalls of Kansas contributes to a local paper the following on race troubles in the South:

"It is evident that the abolition of slavery has not settled the negro question. Lincoln's emancipation proclamation did not free the slave. He wears heavier chains in liberty than those he wore in servitude. Enfranchisement was one of those political blunders that is worse than a crime. It has been a curse instead of a blessing and, after thirty years of bloody tumult, the race problem remains as the most portentous menace of our civilization.

"The horrible tragedy at Newman shocks the conscience of mankind, but up to a certain point the action of the mob is intelligible. There are some crimes for which statutory penalties, the verdicts of juries, the sentences of judges, are inadequate. The violation of women is one of them. It is worse than murder, because the victim is condemned to living death. It destroys the family and the home, which are the foundations of the State.

"The law fines and imprisons the adulterer, the seducer, the ravisher, but public opinion condemns him to death. If the husband, the father, the brother, stays the invader of the home, though it is theoretically murder, the jury acquits and the people say 'amen.' Whoever shot Saxton in Canton, the public verdict is that he received his deserts.

"This is the unwritten law of the Anglo-Saxon race, to which we belong. Lo Rochefoucauld, the French moralist, says, with equal truth and cynicism, that it is easy to endure the misfortunes of our friends with fortitude. We condemn the faults and sins of others with the same equanimity and composure.

"It is not difficult to denounce the butchery of Sam Hose as a hideous crime against humanity, a bloodthirsty and sickening atrocity, a disgrace to American civilization.

THE GEORGIA LYNCHING
"No condemnation can be too severe. But no judgement of the people of Georgia is just that neglects to confess that the same many Northern communities where similar crimes have been and would be similarly avenged, less the barbaric details, or that omits to take into consideration the environment, or which forgets that Massachusetts and New York are equally responsible with Georgia and South Carolina for the presence of the African race and the existence of human slavery on this continent.

"Lynch law, from the humanitarian point of view, admits neither of defense nor apology, but civilization is largely to blame for its decrees. Justice is tardy. In 1896 there were 10,653 homicides in the United States, and 122 legal executions.

"Communities become fatigued with crime triumphant through the law's delay, the obstacles interposed by knavish attorneys, the escape of notorious felons by trivial technicalities. Then society becomes elemental and mobs and vigilance committees enact the rude equity of the noose, the bullet, the fagot and the stake.

"Thus, California, Montana and other regions have taken the law into their own hands and executed ruffians, malefactors, gamblers and murderers who threaten social disorders. It is the instinct of self-preservation, which is nature's first law. Mobs seldom make mistakes. They generally burn or hang the right man. That Sam Hose, having split the head of his employer with an ax, ravished the wife by the side of her dying husband, should be killed by the neighbors in a sudden frenzy for revenge, is easily understood.

"Napoleon said that if the epidemic of Russia was scratched, underneath was a Tartar. So, somewhere beneath the outside of the scholar and the gentleman will be found the impulses and passions of the savage and the brute—the tiger's claws and the beak of the vulture.

SLOGAN SOUNDED

Against Imperialism by a St. Louis German Paper.

St. Louis, April 27.—The Westliche Post will tomorrow print an article in the English language defining the policy of all German-American papers in this country regarding Americanism against imperialism. The article in part follows:

Time and again the attempt has been made to supplant American republicanism with imperialism. Time and again American patriotism and that high and far-reaching love of mankind which unites men of all countries in a common brotherhood of humanity have rallied and won against it. When, half a century ago, we had the same cries of "manifest destiny," the "conquering Saxon," "expansion," and all the rest, we are hearing over again now, Americans as radically opposed to each other in most things as were Calhoun and Corwin joined with Clay, Webster, Lowell, Clayton and Clemens against it.

What American can read this with out an indignant refusal to consent that the blood of those once our allies shall "saturate the soil" on which they were born that we may be praised by the London Times for our "noble work for progress" in furthering British plans for dismembering and robbing China.

John M. Clayton himself, the author of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and openly in favor of co-operating with England in business, was openly opposed to having anything to do with the political methods of British imperialism.

What is there in stalwart Americanism (native Americanism, if you will) except what German-Americans are saying now in declaring that they gave up home and friends and came thousands of miles into an unknown country for the deep love—not of British colonization, but of American republicanism. To that they are loyal now and always. To Americanism, not to the British commercialism of the bayonet—to Americanism, to liberty, to progress, to freedom from militarism, to the expectation of a time to come when the world will be no longer shackled by imperialism, with its bayonets and fetters—to that German-Americans who renounced imperialism in Europe are as devoted now as they were fifty years ago, when they listened to Seward, as he said of these same "expansionists," "Sir, they have sent the American eagle abroad, bearing not the olive branch, but a shackle in his talons."

The flag of this great republic stands now—not for what the London Times approves—but for what it meant when Seward stood under it to utter this immortal sentence:

Such republicanism as that was not his, nor is it that of any loyal German-American or of any other American who is loyal to his flag and to his country. May heaven forbid that it ever should be. May the time never come when the American people will applaud those who dabble a flag dedicated to freedom and human progress in the blood of men who die on their own soil resisting the same principle of British imperialism against which America triumphed at Yorktown and New Orleans.

Such ideas will never prevail in America. Any party which commits itself to them will be wiped out of existence. Any leader who attempts to check civilization and progress under American institutions and through American principles will be repudiated and disgraced; any foreign nation which, for its own brutal and selfish purposes, attempts to use the American people as a cat's paw in schemes of fraud and violence, will find itself the victim of the reactions of its own malevolent scheming. Justice liberty—progress through justice and liberty until the world is elevated by our national life as it has been by the individual life of Washington—that is the manifest destiny of America; for that the flag stands and for that German-Americans are willing now, as they have always been, to stake every thing, knowing that when issues are made against liberty and in favor of imperialism, everything is at stake for them, the American flag and for all that is worthy of survival in the world.

A Big Haul.
Sheriff Rogers will leave Monday morning for Eddyville with the prisoners sentenced at the last term of circuit court. It will be remembered that the prisoners were quarantined by Warden Smith, of the penitentiary. This was done in order to protect the prisoners from small pox. There eighteen men to carry up and the sheriff will have half a dozen deputies.—Paducah News.

TOBACCO TRUST

Acquires Liggett & Myers' St. Louis Factory and is Bitterly Denounced By
FORMER PRESIDENT M. C. WETMORE.

Moses C. Wetmore, formerly President of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, which has been absorbed by the Tobacco Trust, forcing Wetmore to sell his stock and resign his position, was the central figure in one of the most remarkable scenes ever witnessed in St. Louis. He called the 3,000 employees of the factory together on the street in front of the factory to bid them farewell. After a few gentle words of assurance that their positions probably would be safe, and admonishing them to continue doing their duty as they had under the old regime, Col. Wetmore broke into vehement denunciation of trusts and monopolies of all kinds, especially the Tobacco Trust.

"For twelve years," declared the speaker, "I have fought every effort to dispose of this property to any trust. I have warned my business associates of the danger of such a move. I have expatriated on the danger to the country from trade combinations. I have used every argument in my power. For that long I was successful, but I was not in control. Do what I would, I was at last forced to yield. I was one man against hundreds, small capital against millions and millions. I was not necessary for this company to sell to the trust.

"It never would have been necessary. It was never so prosperous as in the last five years. I reasoned thus, but I was finally overruled. Had I controlled the plant I never would have consented to its transfer to a trust. But the fight is not yet ended. We will yet win. I propose to devote my time and energies and money in siding the fight against trusts. That cause shall have every assistance in my power."

Last evening Col. Wetmore wired Wm. J. Bryan of what he had done, and reiterated his promise to do all in his power to kill the trusts. Wetmore is a very wealthy man, and powerful in local and State politics. His remarks were greeted with prolonged applause from the employees and a thousand others attracted to the unusual scene.

In this connection Saturday's St. Louis Republic says:
"A large anti-trust tobacco factory is to be started in St. Louis as soon as arrangements can be made. The proposed factory promises to be one of the largest in the country. Every precaution is being taken to keep the matter quiet until the plans are fully developed, and those who names are mentioned in connection with the new enterprise refuse to discuss the matter. According to the reports which are circulated in financial circles M. C. Wetmore will be president and general manager of the new company."

BAKER.

Since my last appearance in your columns the cold winds of the icy north have give away to the tropical clime of the south, and spring with her beautiful flowers, jocund birds and gentle breeze is with us once again, we hail the treasurer it brings.

Miss Annie O'Neal is visiting in Webster county.

Mrs. Laura Wathen and son Buell were the guests of Ed Phillips' family last Sunday.

Ed. W. Phillips, P. H. O'Neal and son, Will, went to Providence last Thursday with O'Neal's tobacco.

The teachers and pupils of Sturgis College came over to Cool Spring, in this county and spent last Monday. Some of the Applegate people spent Sunday evening on the Pineapple.

Singing at J. H. Walker's Saturday night.

The singing man, Mr. Joseph R. Phillips has been in our midst several times lately, encouraging the boys and girls along that line.

Lint Sullivan is one of our frequent callers.

Robert Allen's school at Dempsey will close this week.

We have organized Sunday school at this place with Mrs. S. O. Haynes as pt. L. B. Phillips, vice, and Jos. P. Samuel, secretary and treasurer.

Baron raising at E. R. Robertson's last Thursday.

Mr. R. L. Phillips is on the sick list.



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The Ideal Mower with Roller and Ball Bearings, simple gear, adjustable drag bar, shear cut knives will start in the thickest grass without chocking. Can be drawn at a slow walk.

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I have samples of these machines on exhibition at Repton and every farmer should come and see them, whether he wishes to buy or not. I keep a full line of repairs on hand, and twine and Deering Hay Rakes. I have sold a car load of machines in the Repton vicinity this season and would be pleased to place them wherever needed in the county.

ROBERT I. NUNN
REPTON, KENTUCKY.

A DRUNKARD'S SPEECH.

I was going late. The first of humanity that earlier in the evening had been so full of life and vigor, now lay dead and cold on the streets of the great city and a cold, appalling sense of desolation that comes when the noises of the town are hushed. The electric lights flared unnoticed on the corners; the street cars passed at further intervals; now and then a night worker hurried by, his footsteps ringing out loud and clear in the silence. In front of a saloon, whose lights shone out bright and ruddy across the pavement, stood a tramp, unshorn, ragged, dirty, disgusting. He watched with envious eyes the men who passed in and out of the swinging doors, and then he turned his eyes toward two young fellows in evening dress who were coming down the street toward him. They had been drinking deeply, and they stopped before the saloon door and looked curiously at him.

"By Jove," said one, "think of having a thirst like that, and not the price of an extinguisher in your pocket! Beats old Tanstulas all to pieces, eh? Liquor, liquor, everywhere and not a drop to drink."

He ran his hand in his pocket and proffered the tramp a dime, but before it could be accepted the other young fellow interposed.

"Say," he said, "lets do the good Samaritan and set Fibo up to a good drink."

The other hilariously consented, and the tramp slouched into the saloon at the heels of the two gilded youths. The barkeeper sat before them glasses and liquors, and with a hand that shook, the tramp poured out a brimming glass and raised it to his lips.

"Stop," cried one of the young men drunkenly, "make us a speech. It is poor liquor that doesn't unloosen a man's tongue."

The tramp hastily swallowed down the drink; and as the rich liquor coursed through his blood he straightened himself and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rage and dirt could not obscure.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I look tonight at you and myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proudly as yours, a man in a world of men. I too, once had a home, and friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect in the wine cup, and Cleopatra-like, saw it dissol and quaffed it down in the brimming draught. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring, and I saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunken father. I had a home where love lit and flamed upon the altar and ministered before it, and I put out the fire, and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, and I broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and at last, strangled them that I might be tortured with their cries no longer. Today, I am a husband without a wife,

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and redeemed every promise made for it, as did the Ideal in 1898.

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For Symetry, Strength
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You will LOSE no time, if you use these Watches to KEEP it...

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TAYLOR & WOODS.

NOTICE.

To the tax payers of Crittenden County, who just pay a poll tax for 1898. I am going to make my delinquent list in a short time. If not paid you will find your name on the list to be published by the Fiscal Court. And to those who list property and have not paid their taxes, it is but a matter of time when you will be levied upon for your 1898 taxes. I need the money to make my settlement with the county and must collect my taxes.

JNO. T. FICKENS, S. O. C.
April 20, 1899.

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